

HOW HE GOT THE BLUES.

A Newspaper Man's Experience as a Manufacturer of Indigo.

An *Alta* reporter was chatting on the Oakland boat with a friend, the other day, when the chattee said to him: "Did you ever see a blonde Indian?" The reporter for once admitted there was something he had not seen, lingering on the admission long enough to give the angel of record a whack at the incident. Pointing across the deck his friend indicated a close-knit, tall, businesslike man, who, sure enough, in his features, was a perfect image of Black Hawk, chief of the Sacs and Foxes, albeit he was blonde, and sandy as the typical Scotchman. "Know him?" said the party of the second part. "No? Why, that's Jim Woodard, who did more to give *The Cincinnati Enquirer* reputation by his 'Jayhawker' letters than Gath has done by his toploftical tumbings in the same paper. Woodard is now the San Francisco agent of the Wabash road, trying to recoup himself for losses."

The reporter's fancy was roused by the statement that a newspaper man ever had anything to lose, and therefore drew out this tale, which began on the boat and was successfully finished in a California street cigar store while lighting two of the "stinkers" of the period:

In many respects Woodard is a remarkable genius. He is the product of Warren county, Indiana, from whence he went to war in the union cause, and it was during his service in the field that he developed, in his correspondence to local papers, those marked characteristics as a newspaper writer which subsequently made him a somewhat famous character in the journalistic profession. He somehow got an undeserved reputation for being a studious and uncompromising liar. Those most familiar with him are sincere in believing that Woodard was honest and conscientious in his work, much of which, however, sensational, was usually found to be truthful, and was never gossipy or scandalous. Next to newspaper work, Woodard had a weakness for railroading, and for a number of years past he has had more or less interest in various enterprises of that kind. After the close of the war Woodard went to Tennessee, got into politics, and ultimately into the legislature. By one deal and another he had managed to save up something like \$5,000. About the time his bank-book showed a balance represented by those figures a mysterious individual came to Memphis, rented rooms, and with closed doors and blinded windows he pursued some sort of star-chamber investigations and experiments, about which the curious manifested much interest, but could learn nothing more definite than that little which they gleaned from the mysterious stranger's frequent visit to drug stores and his purchase of divers compounds.

In the course of a few weeks Woodard was taken into the confidence of the weird alchemist, who told a fairy story of what he had finally accomplished after years of patient toil and industry, and at the sacrifice of a fortune which had been left him by his father, then deceased. In brief, he had discovered a process for the manufacture of artificial indigo by a combination of chemicals and minerals, by which the cost of production could be reduced to a mere bagatelle. The solemn-visaged alchemist was plethoric of statistics and pregnant with visions of untold profits. But he was broke and wanted a partner to help turn the discovery to profit. The sincerity and enthusiasm of the man had turned the head of the shrewd and worldly journalist, and for the first and probably the only time in his life he was a chump. He visited the rooms of the chemist and inspected the process of manufacture. He was yet skeptical and cynical, but the man agreed to the severest tests. Provided with a formula, Woodard himself went forth to the druggists. He spent 50 cents in the purchase of compounds with strange Latin names. With his own eyes he witnessed the alchemist throw these into the hopper of his machine. There was a rapid turning of a crank, a sound of crushing rolls and cogs and things, and a minute later a receiving-box at the rear of the machine held two pounds

of lump indigo, which had been spewed from the bowels of the odd machine. Woodard was astounded with wonder. His stranger friend, with a look of proud satisfaction, appeared wise, but said not a word, his expression conveying more eloquently the famous remark of Daniel Webster. "There she stands; look at her." Woodard was half converted already. He took the indigo to a chemist of established reputation and had it analyzed. It proved to be the genuine article, so he said. The fly newspaper man was captured. The production of the indigo cost 50 cents a pound. The market price was \$2. Hundreds of thousands of pounds were consumed annually. It looked like a sure fortune in sight. He hastened to close a contract for a half-interest by the payment of \$4,500 to the serious and clerical-looking inventor, who took him in with the understanding that he should share equally in the profits, but should not possess himself of the secret of the invention. Two days were then spent in the manufacture of indigo at the rate of about two hundred pounds a day—a profit of \$300 a day, \$150 clean income to each partner every twenty-four hours. The impecunious journalist was wild with delight. Then the senior partner disappeared; also the money which Woodard had put into the firm. He found that he couldn't work the machine, and after weeks of patient waiting for his absent partner he had the machine taken apart. His hopes were blasted by the denouement. All the drugs that had been put in the hopper were skillfully packed in a side apartment of the structure; another apartment contained a remnant of what had once been four hundred pounds of pure indigo, which, by an arrangement of belts and pulleys, had been systematically given out of the spout while the machine was being fed at the other end. Then it dawned on the junior member that he was the victim of a well-conceived and well-developed job. Years after he accidentally met the swindling and fraudulent chemist in a restaurant in New York. He beat him nearly to death, but that was all the satisfaction he ever got out of an investment of \$5,000.—*San Francisco Alta*.

A Heartless Boy.

Boys of a certain age are sometimes singularly lacking in every sentiment of tenderness and feeling. When arrived at this trying age, boys are a source of infinite terror and mortification to their family and friends.

They have no secrets; they tell everything they know and more too.

A lady tells the following story in illustration of the lack of feeling manifested by a certain hobble-de-hoy boy at a time of general sorrow among other members of his family.

"The family was poor and ignorant," says the lady. "I heard one day that an older daughter of the family had died suddenly and I went over to the house to see if I could be of any assistance.

"I found the entire family, with the exception of a boy of 10 years, giving way to the most violent grief. There was such a hub-bub I could hardly make myself heard when I spoke.

"After nearly an hour's effort I succeeded in quieting the family down, and was about to take my departure when a girl of 15 or 16 suddenly glanced over her shoulder in the direction of the corpse and screamed out:

"Oh, my poor sister Nanny!" The boy referred to scowled furiously, clenched his fist, and flying across the room gave the weeping girl a vigorous blow, saying as he did so:

"Now, you! you want to start maw up agin', hey?"

"His reproof came too late. 'Maw' was 'started up agin', and all my efforts to calm her and the rest of the screaming family were unavailing."—*Detroit Free Press*.

A Good Reason.

"Say, Chum, would you mind lending me your dress suit this evening? I've an invitation to a wedding."

"What's the matter with wearing your own?"

"Well you see, old man, I was out calling on my girl last night and her father's dog borrowed the basement of my pants."—*National Weekly*.

Mrs. Lew, aged 18 years, of Columbus, O., is the heroine of two marriages. She was first married when but 14 years old.

Curious Timepieces.

In the year 1839 a transparent watch of small size, constructed principally of rock crystal, was presented to the Academy of Sciences in Paris. The works were all visible; the two-teethed wheels which carried the hands were of rock crystal and the others were metal. All the screws were fixed in crystal and each axis turned on rubies. The escapement was of sapphire, the balance wheel of rock crystal and the spring of gold. It kept excellent time.

A curiosity in the way of watches was shown by the director of the Watchmakers' School at Geneva before the horological section of the Society of Arts at a meeting last year. This wonder is nothing less than a watch with one wheel, manufactured at Paris in the last century. The watch was presented to the National Institute in 1790, being then in a deplorable state; but the teacher of the repairing section at the school has, after many hours of labor, succeeded in re-establishing harmony between the various organs, so that it is now in going order. It would take a professional watchmaker to describe the manner in which the one wheel is made to perform the whole duty of keeping time.

A recent number of the *Jewelers Circular* describes an ancient musical clock now in possession of a citizen of Marietta, Wis. "It is two hundred and thirty-five years old and keeps good time. The movement is made of wood, lead and iron. The weight that runs the musical part weighs fifty pounds. It plays a piece every hour, but it is rather hoarse at present from old age. The dial is large and has the paintings of William Penn, describing his history. At the top are five musicians dressed in uniforms, who raise their instruments to their lips as they begin to play. The case is made of maple and mahogany. It was made in the year 1649, and was brought to this country in 1847 by a party of immigrants, being the only timepiece brought with them."

A paragraph went the rounds of the newspapers some time ago, describing the novel invention of a Salt Lake jeweler. It is a timepiece in the shape of a steel wire stretched across a show window, on which a stuffed canary hops from left to right, indicating as it goes the hours of the day by pointing with his beak at a dial stretched beneath the wire and having the figures from one to twenty-four. When it reaches the latter figure it glides across the wire to one again. There is no mechanism whatever that can be seen, it all being inside the bird. The inventor says he was three years in studying it out.

A novel form of clock has recently been designed by an English artisan. The face has the form of a tambourine decorated with a wreath of twelve flowers at equal distances apart. These mark the hours, and over them glide two gaily painted butterflies, one larger than the other. These are the hands, the larger indicating the minutes, the smaller the hours. The works are concealed behind the tambourine, and the motions of the butterflies, which are made of magnetic metal, are produced by magnets carried on the arms forming the real hands of the clock. Another clock worthy of mention is exhibited in a well-known clock makers' window in London. It is a framed and colored photograph of the houses of Parliament, Westminster, with a real dial let into the tower to represent "Big Ben." The dial is very small to match the photograph; nevertheless it is said to keep good time.—*New York Observer*.

Fortune's Joys.

Alas! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay,
And those who prize trifling things
More trifling still than they.
—*Goldsmith*.

Ma Takes It All.

School Teacher—Now, Master Thompson, tell me the denominations into which the money of the United States is coined?

Master Thompson—Don't know.

School Teacher—Don't you know how the money your father brings home every Saturday night is divided?

Master Thompson—"Tain't divided. Ma takes it all."—*Boston Beacon*.

A Utica, N. Y., citizen went into a butcher shop recently, and delivered an order for "two pounds of weal culvers."

HERE AND THERE.

Manitoba has a Scandinavian population of six hundred.

Rentable houses are very scarce in Cheyenne, Wyoming.

Protestantism is making rapid headway in Tabasco, Mexico.

Mrs. Sudden Rich is the name of a lady who resides in Boston.

A children's home costing \$2,000 will soon be erected at Coney island.

Three thousand teachers of elocution ply their vocation in the United States.

A factory in Madison, Miss., turns out 110 barrels of cotton-seed oil every week.

Huachuca will be the headquarters of Gen. Miles during the Apache campaign.

The stages between Greenville and Kineo, Me., still cross the Kennebec river on the ice.

It costs New York city \$500,000 to support the children committed by the police magistrates.

It is said that two hundred varieties of wild flowers grow in Los Angeles county, California.

A Canadian prophet predicts that the month of May will terminate in furiously hot weather.

Two English sparrows have built a nest in the hood of an electric-light lamp in Portland, Me.

The Norfolk, Va., crop of strawberries is larger this year than any grown since its trucking career began.

A roller-skating rink, which has outlived its usefulness, will be converted into an armory at Springfield, Mass.

The publishers of *The Sandusky (O.) Register* attempted to adopt the eight-hour law, and the employees struck to a man.

The health board of Brooklyn has found traces of copperas in the green peas imported from France to this country.

Hunters in southern Oregon are wantonly slaughtering the deer for their skins. Their carcasses are thrown into the rivers.

A rabbit hunt on a large scale recently came off in Tulare county, California. Eight thousand of the bobtails were slaughtered.

Bears are unusually bold this year in Maine. Sheep folds are frequently raided, and the farmers are organizing for the extermination of the marauders.

The Rhode Island liquor-dealers object to prohibition on the ground that under its operation men will drink more liquor than they do under a license act.

Minnie Schaefer, a notorious witness in the Lavery impeachment trial, has made an engagement with a showman to exhibit herself and her illegitimate infant.

An electric clock that runs without winding, that is not affected by the atmosphere, and that can be sold for one-half the cost of a common clock is said to be a recent invention.

The park commissioners of Allegheny City, Pa., have accepted a gift of \$25,000 from Henry Phipps, who wants them to build greenhouses which will be open to the public on Sunday.

A Calf Butcher's association of New York has sent out a delegation to make a tour of the state for the purpose of making arrangements with the farmers in order to do away with the middlemen.

A dense fog, only a few yards in breadth, settled down upon one of the wharves of New Haven at noon one day lately, and remained in that isolated position for two hours or more, while the sun shone brilliantly elsewhere in the vicinity.

It is proposed to cut a canal through Canonicut island, apposite Newport, so that a steamer can run straight across from Newport to Narragansett Pier, and there connect with the Shore-Line railway, thus shortening the time to New York by at least an hour.

It is believed in Portsmouth, N. H., that the government is abandoning the navy yard there. Everything about it, they say, is going to pieces, and the navy department has ordered to be sent to Washington everything not too rotten to be worth the trouble.